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Persons receiving a sample copy of "MIND IN NATURE" will please send their subscription for one year, and then hand the sample copy to some friend, and bid him do likewise.

W. S. P. R.

At a meeting of the Council of the British Society for Psychical Research, held on the 26th of June, "Information was brought before the Council of the establishment of the 'Western Society for Psychical Research,' at Chicago, the Secretary and Treasurer being Mr. J. E. Woodhead, who is an associate of the Society for Psychical Research. A minute of the Council of the Western Society was read, instructing their Secretary to take the necessary steps to secure reciprocity and co-operation with the Society for Psychical Research, and a letter desiring that an arrangement might be made which would enable their members to obtain the *proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research on favorable terms. It was agreed to offer the Western Society the same mutual arrangements and terms as had been made with the 'American Society for Psychical Research.'"

A few sets of the reports of the British Society have been received, and members of the Western Society wishing to obtain them, should send orders to the Secretary.

A. S. P. R.

The first Report of the American Society, just received, contains history of the Society to the present time; constitution; circulars, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; List of officers and members; also first report of Com. on Thought Transference, and discussion of same by Profs. J. M. Peirce and E. C. Pickering.

AMONG the themes discussed at the summer session of the N. Y. ACADEMY OF ANTHROPOLOGY, which opened August 27, at Ocean Grove, N. J., were "The Sixth Sense;" "Hereditry;" "Mind Cures;" "Is the Supernatural Unnatural?" "The House we live in;" "Human Credulity:" etc., etc. In the language of a certain high-minded classic critic—This is treating some of these subjects "with a respect which will surprise many to see accorded to them by men of culture and scientific attainments." We are glad to acknowledge Prof. Thwing, the president of the academy, as one of our most valued contributors, who will furnish us some abstracts of the addresses.

By might an atheist half believes there is a God.—*Young*.

SOUL AND MUSIC AND MUSIC IN NATURE.

H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY.

The following thoughts on the subject of music, under its physical and natural aspect and in its relation to the human and the animal creation, were first suggested by an article in the *National Review* for May, 1885, by E. Carey, entitled "Body and Music."

The terms Body and Music seem to have no connection; the Soul is the sentient part of our being, the Body is but the machine which does its will. Music is the great interpreter of human feelings, not unfrequently an entire audience has been moved to rise as one man by grand or inspiring strains. We read in Holy Writ, that music (the only one of our arts of which mention is made as existing for us in a future state) forms the delight of the blessed in Heaven, who now and throughout eternity cease not, day and night, singing and playing on their harps before the throne of God.

We ought probably to take this passage in a spiritual and metaphorical, rather than in a literal sense, but we may infer from it, that harmony of some kind or degree will be our joy in Heaven.

In the article "Body and Music" we are told "that music is merely an *inference* not an *entity*, that musical sounds are the result of vibrations caused by the impact or friction in one form or another upon instruments of various constructions, and these, what are they?—catgut and bits of wood."

This a part of the truth, but not the whole truth. Professor Tyndal, in his work on "Sound," says, "that musical sounds are the result of rapid and periodic vibrations of the air, that slow vibrations do not affect the auditory nerve, that irregular or unperiodic vibrations produce noise, but not music."

Professor Tyndal here seems to imply that both noise and music are positive realities; any vibration, of which we are conscious, must, therefore, according to his view, be an entity—a thing apparent to our senses.

Music is sound, but sound is not necessarily music—given a perfect vacuum, no sound is audible.

If music be not an *entity*—this beautiful world of ours is made up of inferences.

Can this be so? Does not everything in

nature possess its own peculiar harmony of sound or of color?

Sound carries its own conviction with it more unmistakably than either form or color; an uneducated ear can appreciate musical tones, though it may be unable to analyze them; it needs a trained eye to distinguish the lines of beauty in form or feature, even more so than beauty of color.

Sounds are musical or otherwise in proportion to our capacity for enjoying them; in some persons this faculty seems to be absolutely wanting; the most soul-stirring music is hateful to them, and yet the vibrations of sound are transmitted to their auditory organs—which are receptive in so far as the actual hearing goes. On the other hand, we occasionally meet with people who have an extraordinarily sensitive nervous organization. Their sense of hearing seems to be preternaturally acute; in their case, music appears to act as ballast; to serve to calm the mind, and assist it to work off its superfluous energy.

Microscopic investigations of the grey nuclei of the human brain have revealed much, but it yet remains to be discovered what is the difference in the substance or the arrangement of these nuclei in those persons who are wanting in what may almost be styled our sixth sense, and of those who are lovers of sweet sounds. As regards deaf mutes also, or those persons who have lost their hearing through illness or from an accident, are the grey nuclei of their brain in an abnormal state?

E. Carey tells us that "the sound of musical instruments induces all pervading musiferous ether, excites certain nerves, unlocks their stored-up energy and actuates through the agency of the proper muscles, the movements proper to dancing."

We are inclined to think that climatic conditions rather than "musiferous ether" have an influence in determining the energy and rapidity which certain races, inhabiting mountainous districts, put into their movements and their amusements.

In Algeria, and in the plains of India, the movements of the natives when they dance are slow and languid; we much doubt whether any amount of additional vibrations in the air, produced by music of a lively character, would serve to excite their sensory ganglia to a greater extent and render their steps more rapid.

Races who inhabit mountainous regions

are impelled to active motion by the circumstance of their surroundings, the people of Coorg (a province of Southern India, situated at a height of from three thousand to five thousand feet above the sea), and those who inhabit various elevated valleys in the Himalayas, are notable examples of this; it also exists, though in a less degree, among the natives of the Highlands of Scotland.

The author of "Body and Music" seems to have overlooked the fact that our world is full of music—apart from the power of the human voice to utter musical sounds; the songs of birds are melodious, and can we not tell from the voice of a child or the cry of an animal, whether the sound be one of pain or of pleasure? Previous experience enables us to interpret the cause of the sound; infants and aboriginal people take delight in a simple noise; as intelligence develops in the child, and as the intellect of the uncivilized man is led to expand, so does the faculty increase of distinguishing one sound from another and the appreciation of harmonious sounds develop itself.

We have known a child of two months and a half old seem capable of feeling the soothing influence of musical sounds. As soon as it felt hungry, this infant would sometimes break out into a violent fit of crying, his cries of impatience (whilst the operation of preparing the feeding-bottle was going on), could be instantly calmed by the sounds of a small musical box.

Wind causes our life on this globe to be a continual sequence of musical sounds of different kinds and degrees; there is music in the waves, music in the hum of insects, music of various kinds produced by the action of the wind on different species of trees; the music of the oak and of the Scotch fir are not alike, the music of the Casnarina (a tree which grows only in the tropics) resembles the breaking of the surf on a rocky shore.

The wind is the agent, the factors are the human larynx, the throat of the bird, the branches and the leaves of the trees.

Harmonious tints as well as sounds abound in all natural objects. Every plant has the form and shade of leaf which suits its flowers best. For example, the leaves of the geranium do not look well beside a rose, nor do the leaves of the lily of the valley harmonize with the daisy; the form with the depth of the color of the leaves of

each plant is that which best accords with the tint of its flowers.

In like manner the color of our hair is that which best suits our complexion; put a dark wig on a fair person or the reverse, and the effect is very displeasing.

Some animals appear to be affected by music or by pleasurable sounds.

The following instance of a dog who hated music suddenly becoming a convert to it on hearing a particular piece played, is worthy of record:

Many years ago, a relation of our family acquired a small, short-haired terrier, Snap by name. When it first came upon the scene it was a mischievous puppy, biting and tearing everything which came in its way. At that time, and up to the age of two or three years, Snap's howls were most piteous the moment anyone of our party began to play the piano-forte. As a rule, the dog was generally sent out of the room before sitting down to the instrument. One day, however, Snap had been forgotten in the excitement of trying a new piece (a polka) which had just arrived by post. On this occasion, no sooner did the music begin than he deliberately went up to the piano and lay down near the performer's feet. He was thenceforward a convert to sweet sounds; we never were obliged to banish him from the room before commencing to play.

It is not music alone which induces "all pervading musiferous ether" (if there be such a thing) for rhythmical sounds would appear to have the same effect as music in inciting certain people to dance. We have frequently seen some of the aboriginal races of India induced to make violent movements and to dance in a not ungraceful manner to the sound of the simple knocking together of two stones by some of their compatriots; the castanets are equally inspiring to the Spaniard.

One of the greatest composers the world has ever known found harmony in the rhythmical blows of a hammer on a blacksmith's anvil, and has immortalized it for all time.

Some of the natives of India have made considerable progress in the science of music; a Bengali gentleman, Raja Sorindro Mohan Tagori, Mus. Doc. has written some books in English on this subject; many treatises on Hindostani music have also been written by Europeans. An English lady who has spent a good many years in India told us very recently that she had

heard that Orientals give it as their opinion that the Occidental ear is unable to appreciate any lesser division of tone than a semi-tone, and that their delicate organs can recognize quarter tones.

It has been stated, that the echoes of the Taj Mehal, at Agra, respond only to one particular chord. Though we know this building well, (the greatest monument ever erected to the memory of any royal lady) we have not been able to test the accuracy of this statement, but can well believe it to be true; for after having built a Mosque on the left hand of the Taj, the Indian mind seems to have felt that something was wanting to ensure harmony—and the *Jawab* or *Answer* to the Mosque was erected on the right side—the Jawab is an edifice similar in form to the Mosque, but was never used or intended to be used as such, or for any other purpose but to produce harmony of design.

All who have studied music are cognizant of the fact that different continents and even different peoples on the same continent have different styles of music; the practiced ear can at once detect whether an air be Scotch, English, German, or Italian. The music of Russia has a semi-barbaric character, and we can still trace the Moorish element in the songs and dance music of Spain.

We, ourselves, possess in manuscript a lovely lament, said to be sung only by the Shiah Musselmans of a particular district of Central Asia, at the time of the Mohurram. There is wonderful pathos in this air; some of the best Scotch melodies resemble it in a striking manner.

The Hindu idea that music is of divine origin, and that mythology and melody are allied beyond all power of disuniting them, is a very beautiful one. The sounds of fine music elevate the soul, and though its effect may be transitory, yet for the moment, at least, music refines the mind and gives it a foretaste of the pure delights of Heaven.

*Great Brampton, near Hereford,
England.*

Genius comes in clusters, and shines rarely as a single star, you may see this law showing itself in the authors of the Elizabethan time; in the poets of the first part of this century following that dreary period, suffering alike from the silence of Cowper and the song of Hayley. —O. W. Holmes.

PROF. PIPER ON EVOLUTION.

"We are sorry to see our cotemporary, MIND IN NATURE, admitting to its columns articles like that of Prof. Piper, on Evolution. If the author had spent his time in studying field mice, or garter snakes, or trout, or minnows, he would have learned to know something of the subject on which he writes so fluently."—*E. D. Cope, in American Naturalist.*

MIND IN NATURE is not published for the declaration of dogmas, either scientific or theological; but in the interest of those who are seeking more light to assist them in their pilgrimage on the pathway to truth. Prof. Piper's article shows he has spent much time and study, in attempting to unravel the mysteries of evolution; if, in so doing, he has lost his trail, if not his head, he is not more unfortunate than many others, who, in their zeal for the brotherhood of the brutes, declare man to be only a protoplasm and a chemical affinity, controlled by no higher motive than expediency. Had we not printed the professor's article, he would never have learned that his zeal was misdirected. We should be glad to print a reply from Prof. Cope; it need not be an exhaustive treatise, but a plain statement that our unscientific readers could comprehend.

Prof. Cope best answers himself in the following sensible remarks on criticism:

"Just and courageous criticism is necessary to the maintenance of excellence in all departments of human activity. An indisposition to submit to it on the one hand, and a fear to exercise it on the other, are sure indications of weakness or decay of an important element of character. Even unfair criticism, bad though it be, is better than none, as it gives indication of life, and is sure to be itself corrected in the end. The attempt to suppress criticism is an unwise proceeding, which will react on its authors. It is better to 'make a clean breast,' if need be; and if facts do not require it, this also can be made plain. The force of just criticism is not weakened by suppression, but is rather increased in energy; while the expression of it draws the fire and silences the gun of the critic. It is a great error to confound criticism on behalf of the truth with personal hostility, yet it is an error by no means rare. To occupy a perfectly judicial attitude toward our own productions requires some moral elevation which all men do not attain to. Unjust criticism indeed, is ground for complaint against the critic. Hence if the critic deserve the name, justice only will be his infallible guide."

"People of sensibility and refinement shrink from controversy; and the enervated and dishonest endeavor to avoid it altogether. But it can not be escaped without a total withdrawal from the field of action, or an attainment to perfection such as rarely falls to human lot. In the scientific world all the aspects of this question come before us from time to time. In our own country Science is none too strong in criticism. With here and there healthy exceptions, we have a good deal of paralysis in this direction. In a few quarters, the indisposition to accept fair criticism, is marked. But there is enough virility in our scientific community, to accustom such weak brethren to this one of the phases of 'the struggle for existence,' by administering more criticism in judicious quantities, so long as their cases may seem to require it."

A SOUTHERN HALLUCINATION.

PROBABLY the most remarkable hallucination of our time, is the claim of high-toned Southern citizens, to the name of *Christian*; and this was rarely, if ever, more forcibly shown, than by a late incident at Murfreesboro', Tenn., during the Y. M. C. A. convention. The inevitable colored brother came up, calm and serene, creating considerable uneasiness, not only on the part of the committee, but also of the church committee, in whose house the meetings were to be held; who, after a season of prayer, and silent communion with the Lord of the church (?) decided that if the colored brother were received, the convention could not be held in the church. How the convention arranged the matter, is best told in the language of one of one of them, who, in a public audience, said: "I took him aside, and said to him, 'you surely want to do in this matter as Christ would have done.' What would Christ have done if he had come to a place where he was told plainly that he was not wanted? He would not have forced himself into such a place, but would have gone quietly away, and let them *hold their Christian convention without him!*" This statement was made without the slightest sense of its incongruity. It is quite evident this class of conventions are held without any interference by Christ; perhaps it is well for them it is so. If he did attend, he would certainly bring that whip of small cords, which caused such consternation in another assembly that had plainly told him he was not wanted.

FAITH VS. "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

Rev. H. Slade, in the July No. of *MIND IN NATURE*, says that "Mrs. Eddy presents her claims above all others." Here she makes a mistake. I agree with her when she says that there is no evil in this world of God's creating. What He created, he pronounced "good;" and a world, completely governed and controlled by God, could not have either sin, wickedness, or death in it. It would be all goodness; which means godliness; life—not death.

I know it is possible for individuals to attain this state of perfection, here, and now, where they can walk this earth in the will and wisdom of the Father; just as Jesus did. Jesus claimed that he was the son of God; that it was the Spirit of the Father in him which did the work. If Mrs. Eddy can claim, in the spirit of Jesus, to be the daughter of God, there is no human soul that can deprive her of her relationship. Yet, by their fruits ye shall know them.

If I am rightly informed, Mrs. Eddy does not teach that Jesus is essentially necessary as a saviour, or as the "Teacher" sent of God, through whom we are enabled to know the Father. She tells her students to get away from the dream of matter, into God's sphere, which is the sphere of infinite goodness, and keep there, and no matter shall come in their way, or such sophistry as they have to meet with. She says they are to stand their ground, and God is surely with them, and they can not help succeeding. That it is only in falling out of this sphere, she says, that they lose their power to heal. She teaches that matter has no real existence, and that disease is a delusion of the mind—incorrect thinking.

Allow me to say, that while I accept the truth which she sets forth, I must point out her errors.

Mrs. Eddy will agree with me, that truth is congenial. It can not war with itself. God is love; and when truth and love become individualized—spirit in human form—we shall see God manifested in the flesh. Thus, if Mrs. Eddy stand in the Divine presence blameless, we shall stand together agreed in God; seeing, with the eyes of our understanding, that the very highest conception of God must embrace the very lowest strata of materiality. That to recognize the creative forces of God in Nature, we

must recognize matter in all its material uses; for, if God made man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul, here is the divine use of matter. And, although we read, that this body returns to dust, and the spirit to the God who gave it, a finite mind can not possibly, even when illuminated, do away with the very natural means which God has ever employed, and will to the end of time, make use of.

Daily, we see flesh and bone moving about, performing their uses, which, in time, we know will be motionless—the spirit having gone to its God—yet, in the present, we must admit them to be realities to us, and to themselves; and, according to God's word, these bodies are Christ's house—the temple of the living God. Mrs. Eddy can not call these bodies a nonentity; neither can we call the diseases from which so many suffer, delusions of the mind. There can be no effect without a cause. Diseases are the result of ignorance, and to people not knowing how to live so as to avoid them, Solomon said, "Get understanding above all things." Mrs. Eddy will find it impossible to build a scientific highway to God, by which people can approach through an intellectual conception of the workings of his Holy Spirit. Her students must be born again, before they can live in God's holy presence, so as to command the evils, or devils to pass out of those sick ones who come to them daily, seeking deliverance. Jesus cast them out of those who came to him, and we shall also cast them out when we have His spirit dwelling in us. If Mrs. Eddy holds the key to the Christ method of healing, she will see these things as I do, that Christ Jesus came to fulfil the law, and that through perfect obedience to the laws of God, the will of the Father, he became conversant with the laws, and greater than the laws, in his becoming equal with the Father, the lawgiver. If we, like Jesus, live the law of obedience to God, we shall become wise rulers over the destiny of others; (meaning) the natural law of individual souls, so as to bring them subject to the divine law of cure. We state frankly and boldly, that Mrs. Eddy can not make Christ-like healers out of men and women who only learn her system for the money they may make out of it. There may be exceptions, but she must admit this to be true, and allow her work to take its proper place in the scientific world, and be known

by its proper name—Intellectual Psychology—mind over mind. This is the only evidence of its *fruits* that we can find. If it were Christian Science, it would be the gospel of Jesus Christ in full bloom. As it is taught and practised, it is a measure of knowledge in the hands of very many unprincipled people, which can work very little lasting good, but a great deal of harm. I am quite convinced that Mrs. Eddy has knowledge, which, if turned toward the conversion of people from living lives of sin—would save men's and women's souls, would bring healing to their bodies, and wisdom to their minds, and peace and good will toward all humanity.

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"THE SWEET BY AND BY."

PROF. J. B. L. SOULE

Success in doing things seems not always to depend on laws; at any rate on such as we can trace. So many parts of human acts and motives to action are dipped in the dark that the world is full of surprises at unexpected results.

Individuals are often astonished at the outcome of some ordinary work they have done. A grain of thought that incidentally strikes a reflective mind may grow to a mountain of consequences.

It would be an interesting discovery to find out what proportion of the great and useful inventions that have marked the progress of our race, were in their incipency the result of a germinal idea not originated by the mind, but dropped into the mind, uncalled for and unexpected; how many were pushed into the thoughts by the simple force of circumstances without any mental effort. The elaboration and development of these seminal ideas may in some cases require no small amount of mental labor; but the triumph is assured when first the fertile idea is caught.

If Newton had been chatting with a friend under the apple tree, he might not have noticed the falling of the apple and mankind might be still living in stolid ignorance of the universal law of gravitation. But, fortunately, perhaps, for his fame, it is a disputed point whether such a mighty truth ever stood on two such slender legs as a falling apple and a lounging Isaac; so rapidly are all our pretty stories receding

into the regions of myth. If the fool killer were as busy as the skeptic the world would become vastly more attractive than Newton ever dreamed.

The words at the head of this paper will be recognized as the title of a well known song. This song is an example of those rare productions whose acceptance with the public, and whose fame far outrun the expectation of their authors.

No one listening to this melody could be made to believe that its author was stoical, unsympathetic or unrefined. Such harmony as it breathes could not come from a discordant soul.

Ten or twelve years ago, on a New Year's night, the composer, J. P. Webster, of Elkhorn, Wis., going home at a late hour, passed a Methodist church where the pastor and brethren were devoutly engaged in a "watch-meeting." Stepping in he took a seat near the door; and an interval of quiet happening in the services, he arose and in his pure tenor voice to the surprise and solemn admiration of the assembly, sang in full the song of the "Sweet By and By," and left the house. It fell upon the people like a floating strain dropped from the song of the Immortals.

With far wider bounds of flight than the Roman lyrist claimed for the "swan" of his poetic fame; far beyond the "learned Tiber," and the "drinker of the Rhone," this fleet songster of a higher hope encircles the earth. Its strains are heard in hut and palace, in chapel and cathedral, in the full chorus of hilarious assemblies, and in soft, tearful tones in the silent chambers of death. All tongues and dialects have moulded themselves to fit its sweetness; because its chords touch the human heart by giving expression to the deepest and tenderest emotions of human faith. With a spirit ubiquitous as prayer, no place or circumstance excludes or limits its appropriateness. It is hummed in the streets of all the capitals of the world. It is whistled by the lone fisher of Lapland, and the swarthy boatman of the Nile. It is sung in the olive groves of Palestine, and on the rocky coast of Alaska; in the gloomy prisons of Siberia, and in the sweet-scented gardens of the Pacific Isles.

It is equally the song of joy and sorrow. The cheerful soul finds in it the exultant expression of its purest hopes; and the despondent soul, the sweet solace of a promised peace.

HALLUCINATION.

In 1870, Stewart P — was living near Memphis, Tennessee, running a dairy farm. He was a young man of good habits, and health, whose mother and sisters, Kate and Lizzie, were living at the time at Detroit. July 4th of that year the sisters went from Detroit to Saginaw, Mich., arriving there late in the evening. They stopped at the Bancroft House, and retired between 11 and 12 o'clock. Fatigued with the day's travel, they went to sleep almost at once.

Kate P — says, that as soon as she went to sleep she was aroused by sensibly feeling a hand on her shoulder. She became conscious and heard her brother Stewart say: "Kate, get up and go home, mother wants you." She was very much alarmed and awoke her sister, and they both got out of the bed and sat up for sometime. Finally they returned to bed, and once more fell asleep. Towards morning she was again aroused by the sheet being drawn down from her face. Opening her eyes, she saw her brother Stewart standing by her bedside, being at the same time conscious that a friend named Philip H. then residing in Memphis, was also present. She heard her brother again say: "Kate, get up and go home, mother wants you." While this was happening, she heard the town clock strike "three." Her brother then disappeared. She awoke her sister and they both got up, and did not return home till the morning of the 6th.

Stewart P — the brother of the young ladies, went into the city (Memphis) from his farm on the 3d; was taken sick with some violent disease, and went to the house of Philip H. who took care of him until his death, about thirty-six hours after, on the morning of July 5, at three o'clock. The first knowledge the family had of his illness or death was by a telegram, received on the morning of the 5th of July, followed by a letter a day or two afterwards, giving the particulars.

The young ladies are now living in Michigan, and we are ready to give their address to any one who is skeptical and wishes to verify the above statement. The singular feature of it, is the supposed presence of Philip H — a person in good health.

In a recent report of The Society for P. R., Mr Edmond Gurney treats the subject of Hallucinations, in a clear and candid manner. A definition of what they are

would be, perceptions of the senses which lack the real, or objective basis which they suggest and can, by distinct reflection only, be recognized as unreal.

It is a nice question for Idealism to determine how far, or in what sense they lack the objective basis. Suppose all the seeing world, save one individual, had a visual percept, the object of which nevertheless eluded all physical tests, would the solitary individual be justified in saying that all the others were victims of a subjective delusion? and if he said so would they agree with him?

In hallucination, the *mind* and the *sense* are both involved; the hallucinated person not only *imagines* such and such a thing, but imagines he *sees* such and such a thing. In early days, "it was not clearly realized or remembered that sensations have no existence, except as *mental* facts: and that, so far as a mental fact takes on the character of a sensation, it *is* a sensation."

"In the French discussions, the merit of bringing out this point with new force, belongs to Baillarger. He showed, that when the hallucinated person says, 'I see so and so,' 'I hear so and so,' the words are literally true. If the person goes on to say, 'You ought also to see or hear it,' he is, of course, wrong; but when he says that *he* sees or hears it, his statement is to be taken without reserve. To *him*, the experience is not something like, or related to, the experience of perceiving a real external object; it is *identical* with that experience. To the psychology of our day, this may seem a tolerably evident truth." Mr. Gurney shows that it is only by this dual nature of hallucinations, and by inquiry into physiological conditions, that lives of experiment and observation at once suggest themselves, and the phenomena fall into distinct groups.

As regards their origin, the question is, Do they originate in the brain, or in some immediate condition of the eye, or of the ear, or of other parts; or is there possibly some joint mode of origin? Baillarger, who maintained the central-brain-origin, pointed out "that the external organ may often be affected by local irritants, without the production of any more pronounced form of hallucination than flashes, or hummings. That there is a frequent correspondence of hallucinations of different senses, and that it is impossible to refer this correspondence to abnormalities of the

eye, ear, and nose, occurring at the same moment. That hallucinations often refer to dominant ideas; a religious monomaniac will see imaginary saints and angels, not imaginary trees and houses. Hence, the point of departure of hallucinations is always the intelligence—the imagination and memory—which sets the sensory machinery in motion."

"His treatment of the question entitles him to the credit of the *second* great discovery about hallucinations. He made clear their genuinely sensory quality; he made equally clear the fact that the mind (or its physical correlative) is their creator; that they are brain-products, projected from within outward." This most important truth is far from being the whole truth. "It seems never to have struck him that there may be cases where the sense-organ supplies the *excitant*, though the brain is the creator—that irritation passing from without inward, may be the means of setting in motion the creative activity."

"The excitation may be external, not only in the sense of coming from the external organ, but in the sense of coming from the external world." "M. Binet is the first who has given the complete evidence for this fact, accompanied by a scientific explanation of it." "He remarks that the general view now is, that hallucinations are always the product of real sensations, and he divides them into two classes,—those where the sensation is initiated in the sensory organ by an external object; and those where it is initiated by a morbid local irritation of the sensory organ itself."

"But while admiring the manner in which M. Binet has marshaled his facts, and recognizing that they have led him to a most interesting discovery, I can not accept his conclusions beyond a certain point. He applies conceptions, drawn from his special department of observation, to the whole field, and considers that hallucinations are exhausted by the two classes just defined, *i. e.*, that there is no such thing as central initiation. It is important to observe that, though the excitation comes from the outside, the *hallucination*—the object as actually perceived—is still a pure product of the mind. Everything about it, including its false air of reality, is brain-created; and the occasioning or evoking cause has no place in it."

There is a "vast body of cases where excitation from the outer world is plain-

ly absent. This class includes phantasms seen in the dark, and probably the vast majority of auditory hallucinations." To bring these under M. Binet's theory, it has to be assumed that, in every case, they are initiated by some morbid or abnormal condition of the eye or ear. The assumption is, to say the least, a very violent one." "The observer, whose eyes are heavy with sleep, begins by seeing luminous points and streaks, which shift and change in remarkable ways; and it is from these nuclei that the subsequent pictures develop." "Now since our physiological knowledge leaves no doubt that the points, streaks and spangles, are due to the condition of the retina, it is reasonable in such cases, to regard this condition as initiating the hallucination. But it is not equally reasonable to conclude that the process must be the same for cases where the points, streaks and spangles are absent." "A man wakes in the night, and sees a luminous figure at the foot of his bed. Here the hallucination comes suddenly, single and complete, to a person whose eyes are open and unfatigued; it is not preceded by any peculiar affection of vision, is not developed out of anything, and does not move, or swarm, or develop fresh features."

The strongest cases in favor of a purely central initiation, are "cases of hallucination, *voluntarily originated*. Wigan's instance has often been quoted, of the painter who, after carefully studying a sitter's appearance, could project it visibly into space, and paint the portrait, not from the original, but from the phantasm. He ended by confounding the phantasmal figures with the real ones, and became insane."

"There is another class of phenomena, not yet recognized by science, and for which the evidence has never yet been presented with anything like convincing fullness; but which—I do not think it rash to say—will be accepted as genuine by a large number of persons who quite realize the strength of the *à priori* presumption against it, whenever the quantity and quality of the evidence shall be adequately realized; and which is accepted already by a considerable number of such persons as, at any rate, having a strong *prima facie* claim to attention. I refer to the *telepathic* class—hallucinations of sight, sound or touch, which suggest the presence of an absent person, and which occur, simultaneously,

with some exceptional crisis in that person's life, or, most frequently of all, with his death. Visual and auditory phantasms, occurring at such moments, may be conveniently termed *veridical* hallucinations; for, while they are completely delusive, as far as the percipient's senses are concerned, they nevertheless have a definite correspondence with certain objective facts, namely, the exceptional condition of the absent person. Such cases, if genuine, militate very strongly against M. Binet's theory, that excitation from the external sensory apparatus is a *sine quâ non* of hallucinations. For here the occurrence of the hallucination depends on the distant event; *that* is what fixes it to take place at a particular time; and an occurrence thus conditioned can not be supposed to be conditioned *also* by the accidental presence of real phenomena capable of supplying, or by an accidental morbid disturbance of the organ or the nerve. And, if the brain be admitted to be the primary physical seat of the phenomena, there are further good reasons for supposing that its highest tracts are those first affected, and so that the hallucination is centrifugal." "Cases occur where actual intercourse between the two persons concerned has long ceased; and where the supersensuous communication can only be supposed to be initiated by the quickening of long-buried memories and of dim tracts of emotional association. The hallucination in these cases would therefore be a complete example of the projection of an idea from within outward."

After all, Mr. Gurney does not explain, or project any theory as to how, on the physical basis, any connection was established between the brain of Miss P. and the death of her brother in Memphis. Yet it would appear reasonable that at that time there was such connection.

LADY MURRAY-AYNSLEY's article on "*Soul in Music*"—p. 98—came in at the last moment, when, disappointed in not receiving an article that had been promised, the music was going out of our soul. We are gratified at this evidence that MIND IN NATURE is appreciated in England, as well as nearer home.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another, for having changed his opinion.—*Cicero*.

KATE FIELD'S OPINION OF CREMATION.

Letter to New York *Graphic*: These are times that are trying men's and women's bodies quite as much as their souls. The zymotic diseases breaking out in what were formerly healthy villages may set even the blindest to seek for causes, and perhaps the most prejudiced may finally be forced to admit that one great source of water-contamination is the existence of multitudinous graveyards contiguous to habitations. In my daily excursions on horseback, which cover about fifteen miles, I count seven graveyards perched on hills, the occupants of the adjacent towns preparing for speedy exit from this world by living below the dead and using well water. Suggest to them that the prevailing "malaria" may be due to drinking up the remains of their deceased ancestors and a howl of "sacrilege" rends the air. I learned by terrible experience when very young the horrors of earth burial. I now know its crime against the living. The moment a cremation society was incorporated in New York I became a member.

JOHN TAPPAN'S CONFESSION.

It isn't always as easy as it looks to make up one's mind. I have just seen a man who, despite his perfect innocence, confessed that he was a murderer. His name was John Tappan, and he has never been suspected of insanity. Two women were cruelly choked to death by a robber on a farm near this city. Circumstances pointed to Tappan as the miscreant. He was arrested. Detectives were eager for the \$1,000 reward for the guilty man. They scared poor Tappan with the evidence against him. They beset him with arguments, and finally they made him write out a clear confession. The real murderer has since been hanged. Tappan had not the remotest connection with the crime. Asked why on earth he had lied so curiously:

"I can't for the life of me tell," he replied. "I can't make any explanation. I suppose my mind must have gone back on me."

But he is now deemed mentally sound enough to serve on a jury, and at the time of the false confession he seemed rational.

The truest self respect is not to think of self.—*H. W. Beecher*.

IS MIND OMNIPRESENT?

O. J. HILES.

It has probably never been more fully illustrated that things move in circles, than is being done at the present time, through the general uprising of metaphysical thought, directed into the channels of physical exploration. The idea or belief of the ancients, which the word, "Pantheism," is supposed to represent, having lived through misapprehensions, and having survived every species of reproach that has been heaped upon it, has completed its round, and is again engaging the earnest attention of profound thinkers, in an endeavor to solve its secret, and almost hidden problems. If transference of thought, through natural media, should be proved would not the establishment of that fact necessitate the proof of its correlative truth—Mind in Nature? The fact that thought is transferred through space, from one person to another, is being demonstrated in many ways: but how it is done—the mode of its action—must be sought in the underlying stratum of causes which alone make facts possible. Effects are in the outside world; causes are in the unseen, inside world. The cause of such transference of thought may be found within the brain-cells by some one whose eye has become fine enough to recognize the finer soul-issues; but the anatomist, who deals with physical structure, its growth and its decay, will not find it. The man who plants the seed and watches the growth of the tree, can not tell why the sap, sun, and wind cause its growth. What does this term, "Mind in Nature," signify? To the Christian, and to the monotheist in general, it means the immanence of God in all natural objects; to the materialist, that Force in Nature, which holds within itself the possibility and power of growth and change. If the existence of Mind in Nature should be proved, logicians would cease to advocate the transitivity of immanence; they would concede that, if the Creator's life is in the thing created, mind continues to live in whatever mind produces. From the necessity of his belief, the materialist acknowledges the constant presence and action of this Force within its entire jurisdiction; why should the greatness of the omnipresent God of the Christian seem lessened, if omnipresence is understood to mean His life in its action and production! If the idea that the outside world is some-

thing created or made, could be relinquished, and in its stead there could be substituted the conception that all the forms and varieties of nature are an outward expression of the never-ceasing activities into which His life is lived, and therefore directed; with the additional belief that the life remains as an active force, attested by the orderly growth and perpetuity, would not the fact of His immanence be established? If this Being or Force be omnipresent, then all space is filled with the presence, and the same law that acts within a sentient object, acts in the spaces surrounding it. But, for the partially deafened ear of the world, accustomed to louder noise, these operations are absolutely silent. The natural ear does not hear, nor does the natural eye see of themselves alone. The pictures are painted on the retina, but only those are seen toward which the mind turns; those sounds only which the mind recognizes, are heard. If man will hold the outside world in abeyance, and listen for the inner sounds that traverse space, will they not yield to him their secrets, and make known to him their methods? During the infancy of races, when men know little of themselves, and of the world of action among themselves, distinct from its union with nature, they see this Force in every manifestation, and instinctively recognize it as an intelligent power—as something superior, even, to themselves—something to be worshipped, and its intervention implored.

The universality of this belief furnishes strong collateral proof that they who live so near to it are not mistaken in their comprehension of it. What seem like proofs of mind in nature, lie everywhere. There is something within the acorn that causes it to produce an oak tree. Call it Nature's law; but dead matter can neither make, control, nor obey law. Matter can be obedient to but one law, and that is, obedience to the life within it. Had God made in the beginning an immutable law, wherewith nature should be controlled and, in accordance with that law, had started its vast machinery into motion, is it reasonable to suppose that another and different law obtained in man, whereby he turns that law of nature from its course? Does not man feel that if his life is a part of the omnipresent life, his work with nature, by means of which he individualizes it and brings it to himself, is co-operative with, and supplementary to, the great working Force of the Universe?

FAITH HEALING A FACT.

There can be no question that faith healing is a fact. The brain is not simply the organ of the mind ; it is also the chief center, or series of centers, of the nervous system, by which the whole body is energized, and its component parts, with their several functions, are governed or regulated. There is no miracle in healing by faith ; whereas, it would be a miracle if, the organism being constituted as it is, and the laws of life such as they are faith healing, under favorable conditions, did not occur. The fallacy of those who proclaim faith healing as a religious function, lies in the fact that they misunderstand and misinterpret their own formula.

It is the faith that heals, not the hypothecated source, or object, of faith outside the subject of faith. The whole process is self-contained. Nothing is done for the believer : his act of believing is the motor force of his cure. We all remember the old trick of making a man ill by persistently telling him he is ill, until he believes it. The contrary of this is making a man well by inducing him to believe himself to be so. The number of the "miracles" performed will be the precise number of persons who are capable of being thrown into a state of mind and body in which "faith" dominates the organic state. Pathologists will limit the area of this process to the province of functional disease ; but we are not sure that they are justified by scientific facts in making this limitation. It must not be forgotten that function goes before organism, in development, and that there are large classes of cases in which the disabilities of a diseased organ for a fair performance of its functions are mainly due to a want of power or irregularity in action. And it is a fact in pathology, that if the function of an organ be maintained or restored, much of the destructive metamorphosis may be arrested, and, to some extent, repaired. The *vis medicatrix nature* is a very potent factor in the amelioration of disease, if only it be allowed fair play. An exercise of "faith," as a rule, suspends the operation of adverse influences, and appeals strongly through the consciousness to the inner and underlying faculty of vital force. There are many intractable cases in every practice which might be "cured by faith." It is well that these poor persons should be benefited by some means, it matters little what ; and if they can be "healed by faith," we ought to be very glad, and thankful, too, for the mistaken zeal of those who, being weak minded themselves, make dupes of other weak-minded folk to their advantage. This is a blind leading the blind, in which they do not fall into the ditch, but, by a happy combination of circumstances, actually escape danger, and gain something to boot.—*London Lancet*.

INTERPOSITIONS.*

BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.

Allowing a wide margin for coincidences which can be referred to contingencies not inexplicable, and for human stupidity, in becoming superstitious, where a little use of reason would emancipate the mind, I still hold, that superstitions of a less unreasonable character, exist among all nations, and are a powerful testimony to the mystery of chances and mischances, of *contretemps*, in its perpetual occurrences and recurrences, and of that total depravity of material things to which I have found it convenient to refer so often. And, if I find in these exceptions to law, such a disproportion with mathematical possibility, and with logical sequence from admitted premises, as can not be reconciled with automatic law, working out its natural consequences, then I begin to enter this cloudland of the *pre- & natural*. And this misty region deepens as we proceed. We are reminded of the disciples who "feared as they entered into the cloud," upon a memorable occasion. For the preternatural becomes more and more deeply mysterious as we advance into it. True, I hold this to be just as true of the natural as of the preternatural, only we know such a variety of causes and operations in Nature that we content ourselves with assigning a name to them. We call them "natural," and there the wonder ceases. We accept unfathomable mysteries without marvel, when we have learned, by observation and experience, something of their properties, combinations, and the like ; and when we find them capable of being yoked and driven submissively, in obedience to the will of man, operating on the few facts he has ascertained about them. When we speak of "Nature," there, it is imagined, the mystery ends. So certain clod-hoppers, frightened out of their wits by an unusual occurrence, applied to the village school-master for comfort, and were greatly relieved when he calmly adjusted his spectacles and assured them it was "only a *phenomenon*." "Oh ! if that is all," said they, "we can go back to our pigs and cabbages ;" and away they went, announcing to their fellow-villagers that "it was nothing but a *phenomenon*, and that they thought so from the start." Do we not practice a similar charlatanry upon ourselves, when we call ten thousand mysteries *natural*, and, imagining that to give them a name solves the difficulty, go contentedly to our farms or merchandise to "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die ?"

I do not mean to incur the same fault in speaking of this fog-realm of the Preternatural : by which I only mean those facts and phenomena which *nature* does not help us to explain, but which, on the contrary, confound all our ideas of nature, and of laws

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supposed to work out their effects, so-called. I have admitted the infinite *bathos* of human ignorance to be the probable base of much that *appears* preternatural; but, advancing further and further, as with the Sibyl to guide us into the world of shadows, clouds, and darkness, I find that superstitions introduce us to another class of facts, and that we begin to penetrate a new domain of mystery. For, after all, superstitions do not germinate so absolutely in the thin soil of mischance and casualty, as in the richer world of what I call *Interpositions*, of which every man alive can tell so many stories, and which some call luck, and others Providence. The superstitious say devoutly, "*Sic me servavit Apollo*," as Horace did, with mock gravity. They ascribe it to their tutelary idol, their Nisroch or their fetish, or to their less odious "St. Mary of Lourdes," or to the scapular which was blest by Pio Nono, before he had the evil eye. Or, like more reasonable Christians, they surmise something providential, and are thankful, as well as credulous; but they all bear witness to the fact of hair-breadth escapes, most extraordinary and unaccountable. Good men do not like to talk about it; but they recognize "the hand of God" in instances innumerable, whether wisely or unwisely, at present I say not. I only affirm that good men and reasonable men are witnesses to the very same things which the weak and unreflecting make a great part of their excuse, when they believe and practice a religion of dotage and absurdity. All believe in *luck* which has happened to them, or in *interpositions*, call them what you will, which even atheists are willing to state as a curious occurrence in their personal experience; "not that we are superstitious about it, you know; only it struck one as a little singular." Just so! Mr. Thomas Paine was fond of telling how the drunken turnkey chalked the *inside* of his cell-door, so that, when he drew it to, there was no mark to be seen, and, when they came the next morning to summon the poor fellows out of the chalked doors to mount the scaffold, Mr. Paine was saved to do a great deal of mischief among men. But he was sure this fact disproved an overruling providence, for he was quite convinced of his own importance, and argued that such a God as Christians believe in, would never have interposed to save the like of him. Perhaps it is otherwise, however, in the deeper thought of those who have taken pains to learn something about that God whom he despised. Even a Paine may help Truth to work out its glorious revenges, and the Christian need have no hesitation in admitting the marvelous interposition of Divine Providence to save Mohammed in the cave of Thaur. A pigeon sat brooding on her nest in the mouth of that hiding-place, and a spider had woven his gauzy curtain across it; evi-

dently, inferred his pursuers, nobody has gone in here; and the impostor was spared to change the manners and beliefs of millions of men, and to revolutionize peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, from the Caucasus, all over Northern Africa to the heart of Spain; to menace Christian civilization in Europe, and for thirteen centuries to impress himself upon human thought and human society. But all this is digression.

Now the hidden powers, call them what you will, which restrain and overrule mischances, reducing to incidents what otherwise would be accidents, terrible to think upon, are, after all, suggestive of the preternatural, on the broadest scale. Everybody recognizes the perverse in his minute experiences, and smiles at them, but very often were they not stopped half-way, they would be no laughing matter. A totally depraved thong loosens the linch-pin, and the perverse linch-pin lets down the coach. A rivet breaks, down comes a railway-carriage, and a whole train is wrecked. Terrible outcries against "the intelligence *said* to rule the world," follow, of course. No thought of the thousand times the train went safe, in spite of broken rivets, loose rails, and ten-thousand times-ten-thousand what-nots, all the way from San Francisco to New York. The arrest of nature's laws, by interventions and interpositions, minute and truly marvelous, is made light of; yet such things happen constantly.

"The rock must fall when loosened from on high,
Or gravitation cease when you go by."

And yet you do go by, and it happens to fall, just after you pass, and you say: "What a narrow escape." Nobody hears of the possible accidents that do not happen; but we all know of them in our own lives, let who will make light of them. "I was delayed, just a minute, by a passing friend, who asked me a question, and the rock fell a few seconds before I reached the spot." Such is the account you give of your "lucky escape." Such escapes are perpetually occurring, and the wonder is, not that now and then a steamer perishes at sea, but that a single voyage is made in safety over leagues of ocean, vexed by fierce winds, and rolling in water-mountains, with hundreds of souls on board, and perils innumerable menacing every minute. In fact, the sources of peril are so multiplied, in ordinary life, that the average of safety which is enjoyed by millions is astonishing. Every individual life is daily and hourly threatened from without and from within. I say nothing of the valves that must open and shut with regularity, and the microscopic organs, that must operate infallibly with every pulsation of the heart, to give a human being one day of health; but all this is almost enough to make one

afraid to move. Yet the human clock ticks on, a hundred years full often. There is in every human body a scandal of science called "the vermicular appendix." No anatomist can assign any reason for its existence; it is a little pouch and pocket-hole attached to an entrail, which seems to be put there on purpose to make it the easiest thing in the world for a man or a child to kill himself with a whole-some meal. A grape-stone, moving toward that pocket-hole, would seem to be made on purpose to drop into it, and then farewell mortal. The seed of a raisin slips in, and death ensues. There is no imaginable utility in this appendage. It does no good that science can detect; but it adds a peril to life which one would say must work death, inevitably, constantly in cases numerous beyond computation. But nothing of the kind; death rarely happens from this cause. Life goes on, and food is digested, or passes undigested over this mischievous orifice, and life flourishes, unimpaired for a century. Let any man construct a coiled tube of a similar sort, and begin to pass through it fluids and all sorts of mixtures, imitating those of the body. How long would the machine work without filling the "appendix"? It would seem as if natural laws and "total depravity," together, were daily operating, and were daily overruled and made to "work together for good," and not for destruction, in this vermicular mystery. But, so in Nature, generally one wonders that anything can be depended upon with any degree of certainty, or reckoned with as regular, considering the disturbing elements that menace and make war with its imputed laws. How comes it, for example, that it is possible to construct tables of human life, such as reduce "Life Insurance" to a system? Here we see the risks and uncertainties which beset the life of an individual, methodized, as to men in masses, so as to bring out the fact that neither chances nor mischances; the vigor of one man, nor the comparative feebleness of another, change the average stability of vital forces. Apart from the exceptional variations resulting from local causes, or from occasional epidemics, the death rates of cities go on, from year to year, with due proportion. So it is with births, where Nature is not checked by crime; and the due proportioning of male and female in animated nature, age after age, is not the least of the marvels and mysteries of its existence, which luck, and the rule of chances, fail to explain. There has long been an idea among men, that some years are productive of males in excess of proportion, and that wars are sure to economize the surplusage, in due time, whenever such an occurrence is authenticated. There is something that controls, and regulates, and subordinates the "total depravity" of times,

and seasons, and ways, and operations, as well as machines, and contrivances, and then of sticks and stones; of mites and atoms, and the whole diatomic realm of the invisible. This something makes them work on the grand scale, as they should, while, in particular cases, they are ever working "out of gear." Now, if laws execute themselves, as some seem to imagine then the hidden laws that keep interfering with the laws of Nature, and the counter legislations that arrest these malefactors, and repair their damages, offer a subject for inquiry, and again suggests our unfathomable ignorance. In some recent utterances of one who probably knows more than he confesses, I find the following remarks, which are pregnant with such inferences as I am trying to impress. Herbert Spencer says:

"The indirect, and unforeseen results of any cause . . . are frequently, if not habitually, greater and more important than the direct and foreseen results." And again: "Nature leads men by purely personal motives to fulfil her ends; *Nature* being one of our expressions for the ultimate cause of things." Note this concession—*leads men*, which may be translated, "forces men," and you seem to have all the elements of Calvinism in this single sentence. But, if intelligent things are thus forced and fatalized by an "Ultimate Cause," let this be remembered should I advance to a similar remark as to things which have no will or power in themselves. Working all awry and out of law, and exhibiting, from whatever cause, an inherent depravity, lo! they are overruled, and, by something which interposes and controls, they are forced to fulfil other ends, and to work out other results than such as might be expected and foreseen. "O! the depth!"

A CORRESPONDENT draws attention to certain psychic facts, vividly illustrated in a Danish work, which passed through a dozen editions in Germany in a single year, and has been recently issued in an English dress, "*Letters from Hell*;" particularly the persistence of mental impressions, and also that of occult silent control of an individual's sensibilities by another, as shown in the relations of the autobiographer to the heroine of the tale. A study of such a work, from such a stand-point, surely is both suggestive and remunerative.

NATURE, when she sends a new mind into the world, fills it beforehand with a desire for that which she wishes it to know and do. Let us wait and see what is this new creation, of what new organ the great Spirit had need, when it incarnated this new Will. A new Adam in the garden; he is to name all the beasts in the field—all the gods in the sky.—*Emerson*.

THE INVOLUNTARY LIFE.

There are some features of the involuntary life that furnish an instructive parallelism to religious truth and experience. What is the Involuntary Life? We may note its facts, if not its factors. We may point out its phenomena, if we may not formulate its philosophy. The faculty we call the will, a free, self-directing power, puts forth during our waking hours, acts which we call volitions. This conscious activity is, briefly, the Voluntary Life. When the will relinquishes its control and yields to influence without, a new condition begins. The surrender may be partial, as in reverie. In mania the abdication is complete. Between these extremes we have sleep, somnambulism, ecstasy and other phenomena that may be included in the term Involuntary Life. The trance is regarded as the supreme expression of this unconscious, automatic activity.

This is a subjective phenomenon. The establishment of this fact is one of the land-marks of progress. The problem of the Involuntary Life is not yet solved, but when a man says that there been no progress, he proclaims his ignorance; and when he says there never will be, he announces his incapacity. To say that investigations into these psychic phenomena are "more curious than profitable," shows one lamentably blind as to the relation of the theme to human welfare. Were medical science alone interested in its pathological bearings, particularly upon the subject of insanity and mental therapeutics, the matter would be of the first importance. The increase of mental diseases is now far ahead of the increase in population. Surgical science, too, is interested in any safe substitute for costly or perilous anesthetics. The Sociologist, the student of heredity and kindred themes related to criminal responsibility, the validation of testimony and the interpretations of delusions that are ruining thousands by their baleful influence, can not help seeing the value of this study.

Religious experiences grow more august and authoritative when viewed in their psychological relations. Communion with God; the illumination and guidance of the Holy Spirit; full assurance of faith and its almost incredible remedial power in disease; miracles of ancient and modern healing; the biblical trance; the temptation of our Lord; the personality and ubiquitous activity of Satan; the reality of demoniacal possessions; the physical sufferings of martyrs, apparently suspended by the action of their enraptured minds; certain phenomena of revivals; the art of winning men; death and immortality—these are some of the topics that are invested with new significance, when studied in

connection with the Involuntary Life, as shown in the artificial trance.

For instance, when we behold the wondrous witchery with which a human will may enthrall a consenting soul, may we not reason *a fortiori* as to a sway more subtle, imperious and ubiquitous, by which either God or Satan holds the will of each of us?

Again, when we see the mental phenomena of one human brain, made to be the scenery of thought in another; may we not gain some conception of what spiritual intercourse with God is, when our voluntary, self-directed life is yielded wholly up to him; our whole personality, moulded by the divine indwelling, so that we think God's thoughts after him, "filled with the fullness of God, partakers of the divine nature."

When we see a man so enthralled by his fellow that the verities of existence—his own identity, even—are contradicted, no one can doubt the possibility of diabolic possession, as in earlier days. If this be a perilous power, we ought not to be willingly ignorant of such subtle and seductive devices, or hide our heads like the ostrich, when in danger. On the other hand, we get here a glimpse of the amazing resources, human and divine, that are yet to be utilized in winning men to duty and to God. The speaker who gives himself up, in the fullest self-abnegation, to the sway of this divine polarization, will draw men to himself and to the truth, as doves to their windows. The Involuntary Life we are studying, affords an analogue, if not a parallel, to that mental state, into which men, in Bible times, were wont to pass. So far from being a sign of mental weakness, the trance is one, remarks Dr. William Smith, of London, "into which many, if not most, of those who have left the stamp of their own character on the religious history of mankind, have been liable to pass at times." The two conditions, placed side by side, are "concentric circles." Here, however, as in miracles, tongues and healing, we differentiate the work of man from that of God, in the origin, the control, and the purpose of the phenomena.

Finally, in the vividness, accuracy, and intensity of the soul's unconscious life, as revealed in experiments with trance subjects, we have a prophetic hint of the immortal supremacy of the spiritual life over the earthly, transitory life of the body. Physiologically or ethically viewed, our unconscious life as the truest. Its present volume and power no psychometric experiments have yet fully determined, but they point to a grander future when the fleshly frame shall no more impede the volitions of the freed spirit. A true scientific instinct is calm, candid, cautious and discriminating. It is hospitable to all truth, and willing to be taught. To-day is but the cradle of to-morrow. No nobler work can we do than to transmit from one age to another, the light which we receive.—*Rev. E. P. Thwing, Ph.D. in "Christian Thought."*

A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago; "A Narrative of Travel and Exploration, from 1878 to 1883; By Henry O. Forbes, F.R.G.S.," published by Harper Brothers, New York, is a handsome volume of 536 pages, 9x6¼ inches, the value of which is very much impaired by the cheap photo-engravings by which it is supposed to be illustrated. The publishers know what good photo-engravings are, and had the facilities for making them at nominal expense, and therefore should not issue a book of this character, and spoil it by trying to save a few dollars. Aside from this, the book has a value and interest, not only to Naturalists, but to those students of humanity, who, interested in Prof. Winchell's "Pre-Adamites," desire to investigate man before evolution has accomplished her perfect work. Mr. Forbes is a close observer, both of vegetable and animal life, and also possesses the rarer faculty of telling what he sees in language which the average mind can comprehend.

His travels led him away from the ordinary routes, among those whom the white man seldom visits or cares to visit. He tells in what condition they are born, how they grow, make love, marry, sometimes keep house, and sometimes don't: their religion, superstitions, the medicines they take when sick, how they sometimes die, how they are buried, and then what their friends say has become of them.

The following account of a strange disease which he found in Java, will especially interest our readers:

"The first thing of interest to attract me within a few hours of my arrival at Kosala, in Java, was a case in one of the servants of the house of that curious cerebral affection, called by the natives *lata*. It is of a hysterical nature, and is confined chiefly to women, although I have also seen a man affected by it. On being startled or excited suddenly, the person becomes *lata*, losing the control of her will, and can not refrain from imitating whatever she may hear or see done, and will keep calling out as long as the fit lasts the name—and generally that word alone—of whatever has flashed through her mind as the cause of it: 'He-ih-heh, matjan!' (tiger); 'he-ih-heh, boorong besar!' (a great bird). Her purpose will be arrested, as, if walking, she will stop short, and, on going on again, will often follow some other course. The prefatory exclamation is an invariable symptom, seemingly caused by involuntary hysterical inspirations. According to the degree of alarm the symptoms may remain only a few mo-

ments or last the greater part of a day, especially if the person be prevented from calming down. The afflicted, if not seriously affected, are not altogether incapacitated from performing the duties to which they are accustomed. The most curious characteristic of the disease is their imitation of every action they see. On one occasion, while eating a banana, I suddenly met this servant with a piece of soap in her hand, and perceiving she was slightly *lata*, but without appearing to take any notice of her, I made a vigorous bite of the fruit in passing her, an action she instantly repeated on a piece of soap. On another occasion, while she was looking on as I placed some plants in drying paper, not knowing that caterpillars were objects of supreme abhorrence to the natives, I flicked off, in a humorous way on her dress, one that happened to be on a leaf; she was instantly intensely *lata*: and, throwing off all her clothing, she made off, like a chased deer, along the mountain road, repeating the word for caterpillar, as she ran, until compelled by exhaustion to stop, when the spasm gradually left her. My own 'boy,' who would unconcernedly seize all sorts of snakes in his hands, became one day *lata* also on suddenly touching a large caterpillar. My host's maid once, while alone at some distance from the house, having come, unexpectedly on a large lizard—the Balawak—was seized by a paroxysm—dropping down on her hands and knees, to imitate the reptile; she thus followed it through mud, water, and mire, to the tree in which it took refuge, where she was arrested and came to herself. Another case which came under my knowledge was more tragic in its results. This woman, startled by treading in a field on one of the most venomous snakes in Java, became so *lata* that she vibrated her finger in imitation of the tongue of the reptile in front of its head, till the irritated snake struck her, and the poor creature died within an hour.

"During the attack the eyes have a slightly unnatural stare, but there is never a total loss of consciousness, and throughout the paroxysm the patient is wishful to get away from the object affecting her, yet is without the strength of will to escape, or to cease acting in the way I have described. *Lata* persons are constantly teased by their fellows, and are often kept in an excited state for whole days."

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't always care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium—O. W. Holmes.

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The CHICAGO HERALD recently issued, as a supplement, a fac simile of the Vicksburg *Citizen*, of July 4th, 1863. The number edited by the Confederates, and published by Gen. Grant. A curious coincidence in connection with the publication is that J. J. McGRATH, dealer in Wall Paper, etc., furnished the wall paper for the HERALD supplement, and also for the original issue at Vicksburg.

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